

## Baseball Pushes Plan for Use of Kids in Wake of 4-F Edict

ARCH MURRAY

Rocking and reeling under the impact of the War Dept.'s latest announcement that all 4-F athletes must be passed by the department itself before being rejected, baseball and other sports still are to ride out the storm today. There was no change in the plan to continue unless shut down by definite government order.

Leo Durocher summed it up pertinently last week after giving his return from the an war front, baseball is going to have to carry on with kids old men.

Further tip-off on that draslan came late last week when American Legion announced it was throwing open its doors to the big leagues and making it possible for organized ball to utilize the best of 500,000 youngsters when needed. That there aren't kids of less than 18 in that array who can't fill the dead ranks seems inconceivable.

Last year saw the first of them the bills of their caps over dugout steps—like Joe Nux-16-year-old rookie hurler of Reds; Eddie Miksis and Tom m, Dodger juveniles who ad some fine ball in the late on; and a handful of others. n't forget, too, that a kid d Mel Ott was only 16 when joined John McGraw's Giants 324 and that he never was ed out to any other club. Joe il, the toy bulldog who be- a great third baseman for fankees in their glory days, just 18 when he stepped into shoes of the late Ray Chap- after the great Cleveland stop had been killed by a ed ball in the Polo Grounds 20. He was one of the sparks e Indians' drive to a pennant a World Series triumph over Dodgers that fall.

Eddie Lindstrom wasn't much when he played a great third for the Giants in the 1924 d Series against the Senators. e have been others, too, but point is that the kids of 17 18 can play some pretty y ball. seball has dropped off in call-very season since Pearl Har-Baseball purists would have horrified at the brand of played last year as meas- by pre-war standards. But as exciting, hell-for-leather at that. It produced the great-American League race since

l of which only goes to show the competition rather than skill that counts. If the teams all stripped down to the bone action should be tremendous. e'll be no Cardinal power- se running away from the

### Has Long Reach

son, Ariz., Jan. 22 (AP)—long arm of Selective Service hed out to grab Jimmy John- Detroit golf pro, while he participating in the Tucson 10 open. Johnson, 33, the er of one child, left the cur- winter tour last night.

### khattans Top Amerks

Brookhattan defeated the Y. Americans, 2-1, in an rican Soccer League game erday at Starlight Park. r league games were post- d because of the condition he playing fields.

### Johnny Mellus Weds



CHAMPION—Marion Hanley of Staten Island, who won the women's Middle Atlantic speed skating title yesterday at Newburgh. Associated Press Photo

## Fight Clubs Join March Of Dimes

This is Infantile Paralysis Week in boxing, so designated by Chairman Eddie Eagan of the State Athletic Commission, and both the St. Nicholas Arena and the Broadway Arena are set to make contributions to the March of Dimes.

Ten per cent off the top—at the St. Nick tonight and the Broadway tomorrow night—will go to polio victims. Promoters, fighters and managers will all add to the donations.

At the St. Nick Fernando (the Mighty) Menichelli, Argentine heavyweight, is tangling with Vince Pimpinella of South Brooklyn, who is substituting for Jimmy Bell. The change was made today at the weighing-in ceremonies in the Boxing Commission's offices, because Bell—who surprised Washington fans by lasting the three rounds against Joe Louis on the Bomber's exhibition tour—had never fought a 10-round bout before. Menichelli stopped Lorient Bouchard in 9 rounds at Newark last Monday night.

### Bryant to Face Agosta

The Broadway bill is topped by Marvin Bryant, ex-soldier, and Joe Agosta, East New York welterweight. The eight-rounder is a return engagement, Agosta having won the first one. Matchmaker Max Joss has invited Sgt. Harry Myrand, the war hero who is back in Brooklyn after two years in Europe, to be his guest at the ringside tomorrow night.

Ridgewood Grove will stage both a boxing and a wrestling show next month, with the customary 10 per cent going to the National Foundation.

It is hoped that the Commission will sanction and the Garden management agree to a collection of dime fights.

## Not Interested

Greenville, S. C., Jan. 22 (AP)—War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes definitely isn't interested in becoming high commissioner of baseball after the war.

Sports Editor Carter (Scoop) Latimer of the Greenville News proposed the idea recently in his column and the suggestion was endorsed by several baseball officials.

But Byrnes in a letter to Latimer said thanks, but under no circumstances would he be interested.

## Hockey Massacre In Boston!

Special to The Post

Boston, Jan. 22—It was a massacre, mates! And those hapless New York Rangers, who last season were on the receiving end as Detroit set a 15-goal league record, became country cousins here again last night as the Boston Bruins skated rough-shod over the Blue Shirts to chalk up a 14-3 triumph.

Sitting in on the fun (from the Boston point of view) was Lieut. Comdr. Weston Adams, Bruin president, who is just home from the Pacific. Sparked by the veteran Bill Cowley, who tallied four times, Boston broke its own scoring record and pulled four points ahead of the fifth-place Rangers. Kenny Smith obliged with the three-goal "hat trick."

The first period saw the Bruins register five times, although the New Yorkers did manage to squeeze in a goal. The second stanza was all Boston with five more goals. The Bruins seemed to bog down in the third quarter—they got but four—while the visitors dented the net for two.

The Canadiens' Toe Blake, league's leading scorer, has been suspended indefinitely by Red Dutton, NHL president, for striking the Rangers' Walt Atanas during Saturday night's game at Montreal. The Blue Shirts lost that, too, but only by a 5-2 score.

### 'Five Foul Rule' Here to Stay, Says Veteran Court Coach

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 22 (AP)—Lt. Sax Elliott, veteran coach of the Jacksonville Naval Air Station Flyers, says the five foul rule is here to stay.

Adopted as a wartime measure by the college basketballers, the rule permits a college cager to commit five fouls instead of four before he is banished from the courts.

"Five fouls enliven the game and add an extra sting to it," said Elliott.

### Hockey Standings

|               | W  | L  | T | Goals | Pts. |
|---------------|----|----|---|-------|------|
| Montreal      | 24 | 5  | 2 | 143   | 50   |
| Detroit       | 19 | 8  | 2 | 146   | 42   |
| Toronto       | 15 | 14 | 2 | 113   | 32   |
| Boston        | 11 | 17 | 1 | 118   | 23   |
| N. Y. Rangers | 6  | 17 | 7 | 80    | 19   |
| Chicago       | 5  | 19 | 4 | 77    | 14   |



## Orson Welles' Almanac

By Orson Welles

January 22, 1945.

Our Astrology Department says that this is a good day for those born under all signs, and for planting all things that grow above the ground.

Byron was born today, and so was D. W. Griffith, the greatest of all motion picture directors. Twenty-eight years ago today Woodrow Wilson told the Senate that it was necessary for the American government "in the days to come to lay afresh and upon a new plan the foundations of peace among the nations. It is inconceivable," said he, "that the people of the United States should play no part in that great enterprise. Is the present war," he asked, "a struggle for a just and secure peace, or only for a new balance of power? There must be not only a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace. . . . These are American principles, American policies, and they are also the principles of mankind and must prevail."

### Inauguration

The day before yesterday was the forty-sixth inauguration of the American Presidency. The whole affair was as simple as any body can remember. If you've been married more than twice, you like your wedding to be small and quiet. I think that's how the President felt about this inauguration. He played his part in the ritual like a veteran bridegroom. I was there, and I got the impression that this fourth term was his favorite wife.

The inauguration of a president really is a kind of betrothal—with promises to love, honor and obey. I always feel like crying at a wedding, and that's how I felt Saturday.

This oath taking is democracy's most solemn occasion. It fills the watcher with an awesome sense of history, the President's hand on the Bible, marking a boundary between the future and the past. I found myself thinking of the presidents who've gone before—the great and good and ordinary, the well-remembered, the men almost forgotten.

In his portraits George Washington looks the perfect figure of poise, but his voice shook so that the men could scarcely hear it. That first inauguration was in New York, on an open balcony overlooking Wall Street.

They named the new capital "Washington," and Jefferson took office there. It was little more than a frontier crossroads in those days, a clearing in the wilderness. There was a mile of swamp between the Capitol and the White House, and Pennsylvania Avenue was nothing but a stretch of dirty mud. John Adams had been driven to the ceremony in a gilded coach drawn by six white horses, but Jefferson walked quietly from his lodgings to the Capitol to take his oath.

### Enter Andy Jackson

Then there was Andy Jackson, the first President from the West. He was the idol of the backwoods, and from the wildest country, from the depths of our American forest, the common man came crowding into Washington to cheer Old Hickory. The common man trooped after the new President to the executive mansion. He muddled up the carpets and stood on the chairs, he broke furniture and yanked the draperies from the walls. Mighty tubs of punch had to be set up on the White House lawn to lure the common man outside. . . . That was his day and he didn't care who knew it.

And Lincoln's inauguration, the first one—with Stephen Douglas taking Abe's old stove pipe hat and holding it during the President's address. . . . And four years after that (the President four years older) "with malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."

Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. . . . And in our easy memories, Coolidge and Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt.

### The Biggest Job

The last of these came into office when the fundamental propositions of the government he had been called to lead were held in bitter doubt. Today, when the propositions of the Atlantic Charter seem questioned, when there are many who challenge the moral existence of the United Nations and the possibility of "an organized common peace," what Franklin Roosevelt told us twelve years ago is worth remembering: "We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

I think the man who said that is man enough for America's biggest job, which is the biggest job in history.

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## Army Ski Veteran Shines Van Putten Wins Speed Skating Title

Newburgh, Jan. 22, (AP)—A discharged veteran of the U. S. Army ski troops wears the Middle Atlantic men's speed skating crown today.

Herman Van Putten of the Pecknass Farms Skating Club, Paterson, N. J., captured the championship yesterday by defeating Joe Bree of New York's Grand Street Boys by five yards in a skate off.

ing championship, captured the women's title by upsetting defending queen Beatrice Amann of Meriden, Conn.

Miss Hanley won the 440 and 880, but finished second to Miss Amann in the 220.

"But hold on, Joe, there's more sense and meaning behind this than just that. We didn't fight solely for double chocolate malteds, soft mattresses, better plumbing and clean sheets . . . We've paved the way for international law and order—not the survival of the fittest. The little fellows can now live as well as the big—free from fear, want and prejudice—nations as well as men."

# Policeman Charged With Attacking Girl, 17

Patrolman Michael Cinquenani, attached to the Gates Av., Brooklyn, station, was arrested today charged with attacking a 17-year-old girl.

The policeman, 27, who has been 18 months in the department, is married and the father of two children. He lives at 1279 E. Kalb Av., Brooklyn.

The girl's mother filed the complaint at the Grand Av. station and said the policeman had picked up her daughter in Prospect Park last April and had had intercourse with her in the park. On later occasions, the mother said, the policeman took the girl to a Brooklyn hotel and the girl is now pregnant.

The policeman admitted the charge and has been suspended from duty, the District Attorney's office said.

## Mary Pickford Has a Cold

Mary Pickford was confined to her Waldorf-Astoria suite today with a mild cold, which prevented her from starting on a two-week tour for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

## Meet ORSON WELLES *Columnist*

On stage, screen or on the air, Orson Welles has always made headlines. Now he writes them in an instructive, entertaining, mirth-provoking commentary on outstanding personalities, current news and coming events. Read "Orson Welles' Almanac" daily.

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# LAST TO A RED SHIRT

This is a story of a Ukrainian village during the war, when a Ukrainian was occupied by a German garrison. As the story goes, all of the able-bodied men are with the Red Army and the commander is making a last desperate attempt to break a resistance of the grandfathers, the women and the children to remain. Who are these peasants who change so quickly from farmers and housewives into warriors? One is Fedosya, whose husband has been killed by the Germans and whose home is occupied by the German Captain Werner and his Russian mistress, Pussy. Another is Olena, who has fought with the guerrillas but has turned to her native village to bear her baby. There are many more in this story which depicts the horrors of Nazi sadism and the courage of simple people.

## WANDA WASILEWSKA

The woman in the bed pouted peevishly. "Why should I get up? You're always out . . . I'm so red. You go about your business and I have to stay here with this ugly woman. You'll see, one day she'll poison me."

"Little silly! You are mistress, understand? Why are you red? Play the gramophone. I've got records enough, or a book. I spend every free minute with you. But there's a time. Something crops up all the time."

She gave no reply, reached for the underwear lying on a chair near by, raised herself up, and began to dress. Kurt got up from the bed, looked down on the wooden bench, watched her. Yes, he liked her well enough. Otherwise he would not have courted her about three months. The German officer took a parcel from his pocket.

"Well, baby, I just looked in a minute to give you this bit of chocolate. I must go, I'm very busy today. Have a good time. I'll be late."

## Nazi Way

He kissed her lightly and left. The sentry was still stamping; his feet outside the cottage, only trying to warm them. He rang to attention when he saw an officer, who passed him and went to the square. The large use, formerly the seat of the village Soviet, now the German commandant's office, was crowded with soldiers, who drew them up and saluted as the officer entered. He hardly returned a greeting and pushed open the door of his improvised office, leaning over his shoulder. "Bring in!"

He sat down at his desk and waited. Lucky Pussy! She could stay in bed until all hours, while he had to get up at dawn and work all day and yet his whole day was full of unfinished business.

Soldiers brought in a woman wearing a thick sheepskin coat and dark dress. She stood heavily and awkwardly in front of the table. Hair gray, at the temples showed under a shawl; the face was plain, high-browed, a common peasant.

"Your name?" "Olena Kostyuk." The German officer sat leaning a pencil in his fingers and giving stealthy glances at the man standing in front of him, less the soldiers had made a stake, he thought, he was in a long and unpleasant investigation, to judge by the hostile line of the chin and the lady eyes staring him in the face.

"You have been out with the guerrillas?" She was neither frightened nor refused. Her eyes never left his face as she replied.

"Yes, I was out with the guerrillas." "Why did you come back to the village? What did they send a here for?"

"Nobody sent me. I came on my own."

"I came on my own. I couldn't go on."

"Why so suddenly?" "The woman's lips moved soundlessly."

"You saw that all this guerrilla business was nonsense, a crime, just banditry? You didn't want to take part in it any more?"

"No, I couldn't any more."

"Why?" "She hesitated, made an effort, and then said straight into those watery, blinking eyes: 'I came home for the birth.'"

"What?" "I came to bear my child."

"So that's it?" "He laughed, and the woman shivered at that cackling hoarse laughter."

"Surely you're not feeling cold in here? There's a good fire and yet you are wrapped up as if it were freezing. Take off that shawl!"

Obediently she threw the heavy thick shawl off her shoulders and laid it on the seat.

"Take off your coat!"

She hesitated an instant, then unbuttoned and took off her sheepskin. He watched her intently. No, there could be no doubt. She was near her time.

The woman breathed heavily. The man knew that standing on her feet was hard on her and purposely prolonged the interview, played with his pencil, and left longer and longer pauses between his questions.

She readily replied to all questions concerning herself. Yes, she was married. Her husband had been killed in the war. Long ago, before the revolution, she had worked on the land, reaping the master's corn, milking the master's cows. After the revolution she worked on a collective farm. She joined the guerrilla group as soon as it was formed. She had kept her condition a secret from them. When her time was approaching and she found it difficult to move about, she returned to the village. She wanted to give birth to her child in peace.

"Oh, yes, give birth to the child in peace," he repeated. "Was it you who blew up the bridge last week?"

"Yes."

"Who helped you?"

"No one. I did it alone."

"You lie. We know all about it, so you had better talk."

"I did it alone."

"All right. Where is your group?"

She gave no reply. Her dark eyes looked calmly into his. He heaved a sigh. Same old story. Stubborn silence, long, fruitless questioning, all sorts of unpleasantness, and usually all in vain.

(Continued tomorrow)

drove up here after dark to satisfy a desire of many years. I had always wondered whether the abundant native life of the redman, as portrayed before the Giant Pueblo here by day, was for tourist purposes or the real thing. This third oldest settlement in the United States dates back to about 1600, though the exact age of the two five-story communal pueblos is not known. But, for more than 300 years without a break, several thousand redmen have lived, worked and earned their living here. In recent years, tourists by the thousands have flocked here every summer and, for the past half century, Taos has been a mecca for artists too.

Throughout the daylight hours in the big red-stoned plaza between the Giant Pueblos, the redman has squatted on the ground selling native-woven baskets, turquoise beads, hammered-silver bracelets, buckskin slippers, belts, rugs and a dozen other items. Sometimes, in pre-war days, as many as 5,000 tourist automobiles would be parked at one time just outside "the gate."

Last night it was just the opposite. Flurries of snow lashed by a freezing mountain gale swept across the plaza. Yellow lamp-light pierced the darkness. Hustling Indians swathed in white blankets—giving them more the appearance of Arabs—hurried to and fro. An Indian woman, head and shoulders encased in a brightly-colored shawl, papoose strapped on her back, climbed slowly up one of the rough-hewn, hand-made ladders to the second floor of her abode. Somewhere, way off, a weird, entirely unearthly tribal chant permeated the canyons and came floating down over the square. It was the Indian version of the well known tobacco auctioneer's acceptance cry—and sounded actually not unlike it.

Of Taos, 1,000 inhabitants, 218 are in the armed forces, four of them Wacs! Not a single Indian in the entire community sought deferment, and only two redmen were rejected as physically unfit! That is believed to be the highest per-capita average in the United States today. It is certainly mute evidence of President Truman's forceful point, in his military service speech before the Congress, of the need for a healthier nation. These people, who have no electricity, no sanitation, none of the other refinements of life or creature comforts as we know them, have practically no sickness either. They live today almost exactly as they have lived for hundreds of years, ignoring and rather abhorring the ways of the white man.

Last night, they stood around my jalopy, chattering in low tones, occasionally asking for cigarettes. I dropped in upon their storekeeper, who is just back after 23 months in the Navy in the Pacific. A heavy set, jolly fellow, he appeared amazed to see visitors at that time of night. In fact, he said, since the war only a handful of people come to Taos each week. Outside "the gate," I had a chat with White Eagle, the jeweler who hammers out the broad silver stabbed belts. "Whitey" was all hot and bothered over the duplication in New York and Chicago of the famed hand-made Navajo rugs and jewelry. Because of the high price of silver and of turquoise, a major source of Indian livelihood is being taken away. For instance, "Whitey" said, it is impossible, for lack of qualified gem-cutters and silversmiths, to turn out even second-grade turquoise rings at less than \$18 apiece. The very same ring, machine-made back east, can be fabricated for about a third! Thus, claims Mr. White Eagle (he isn't the famed Chief White Eagle!), most tourists think they are being gypped when curio-stores along the Navajo Trail charge the prices they do for the real thing.



## Orson Welles Today 11/4

I Get a Driver's License

By Orson Welles

For the last 10 or 11 years I have been learning to drive a car. It says in the papers I'm going to run for the Senate. Anything is possible in the atomic age, and if I ever should get into public office my first official act would be to investigate the means by which a man can get a driver's license.

I got mine by standing in a long queue. Splendid practice for army life, or attendance at the Paramount, but quite unrelated. I should think, to operating an auto in traffic. True, I was requested to identify two or three of the larger letters on an oculist's card, but everybody in the line I was in had committed the whole chart to memory earlier in the day.

I vaguely remember taking some official daredevil for a ride around the block. At the end he got out and gave me my license, laughing heartily as he filled it out. He must have thought I was kidding, or else the man was floundering in hysteria. Friends would've seen me in action behind the wheel incline toward the latter view. All I know is that its now perfectly legal for me to drive. I only wish I could.

In the early days of the gasoline engine timid folk were supposed to have often asked the pioneer chauffeurs if they knew how to stop the darn thing. There are many ways of stopping it, and I've tried them all.

After I've stopped, that's when my trouble starts. There's a brick wall to get away from, or there's a cop to reason with, or something is missing from the machinery—the distributor or the exhibitor, or something.

The common stall is my chief ailment. If a single light is against me between the house and work, I'm pretty sure to bring my car to a dead standstill and have to push it by hand along the spacious boulevards to a garage while thousands honk.

Yesterday I had my regular breakdown in strange territory. I had ventured away from the accepted route in the hope of a short cut, or, better yet, a long rural road without traffic lights. I felt I was near an important discovery when a stop sign jumped out at me from ambush, and I did whatever it is I do to a car to make it stall.

I was pushed for awhile by a considerate Ford, but abandoned after five blocks. Where was I? Who is to say? Making toward civilization by foot, I heedlessly neglected to mark my trail, and the car hasn't been found yet.

Well, friends, with the help of friendly natives and a landmark I got out. The landmark did me the most good. It was my own. The spire of a New England church built on my studio's back lot for the picture I'm making, "Citizen Kane." The plot,

which I won't divulge, calls for the spire to be very tall. It rises above the low horizons of Hollywood, and even in the unknown neighborhood where the breakdown stranded me it was easy to spot.

From there it looked so real. I asked a child if the church belonged to the movies, but she didn't know. It cast a shadow over the stucco suburb as benevolent, as inescapable as Chatterbox, but the little girl didn't know or care what it meant. I didn't blame her.

In this civilization of ad-men into which she was born there are many mansions, but most of them are cardboard. There is many a fine edifice to be seen, but most of these, like the sham church in Sam Goldwyn's backyard, won't keep the rain off a man's head. I figure the child and I, and maybe you, need something we can rely on, something that won't be torn down to make room for a new movie. It doesn't have to be a church, but it had better be something as good as churches are when they are good.

The promised hell and damnation of liberal preaching is now the fiery pit of the atomic bomb crater, and heaven is simply 60,000,000 jobs. But man, who is notorious for refusing to live by bread alone, is not likely to thrive on that formula. Sure, sure, if we aren't good children we'll go straight to Hiroshima, but I don't think just knowing that will make us behave.

No more can we keep the peace by invoking the fear of war.

We will blow up the world with our new bombs if we allow our children to lose the love of truth or whatever it is you want to call the life of the spirit. There is an eventuality more terrible than the total destruction of all human life. If there is a fear that can save us it is this.

ORSON WELLES



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